

118 FABLES in VERSE.

She fought his booth, and from the crowd,  
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

- ‘ Is this then he so fam’d for flight,
- ‘ Can this low bungler cheat your sight,
- ‘ Dares he with me dispute the prize?
- ‘ I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok’d the Juggler cry’d, *’Tis done,*  
*In science I submit to none.*  
Thus said; the cups and balls he play’d;  
By turns, this here, that there, convey’d;  
The cards, obedient to his words,  
Are by a fillip turn’d to birds;  
His little boxes change the grain,  
Trick after trick deludes the train.  
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair,  
His fingers spread, and nothing there,  
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,  
And now his iv’ry eggs are told;  
But when from thence the hen he draws,  
Amaz’d spectators hum applause.

*Vice* now step forth, and took the place,  
With all the forms of his grimace.

‘ This

FABLES in

- ‘ This magic looking-glass
- ‘ There, hand it round, w
- Each eager eye the fight
- And every man himself

Next to a Senator add  
See this *Bank-Note*; obse  
Breathe on the bill, heig  
Upon his lips a padlock  
The second puff the mag  
The padlock vanish’d an

Twelve bottles rang’d  
All full with heady liquo  
By clean conveyance disa  
And now two bloody swo

A purse she to the thie  
At once his ready finger  
He opes his fist, the trea  
He sees a halter in its ste

She bids ambition hol  
He grasps a hatchet in hi